Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, August 22, 1918 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

ROBERT BROWNING.

How blind the toil that burrows like the mole,
In winding graveyard pathways underground,
For Browning's lineage! What if men have found
Poor footmen or rich merchants on the roll
Of his forbears? Did they beget his soul?
Nay, for he came of ancestry renowned
Through all the world,—the poets laurel-crowned
With wreaths from which the autumn takes no toll.

The blazons on his coat-of-arms are these:
The flaming sign of Shelley's heart on fire,
The golden globe of Shakespeare's human stage,
The staff and scrip of Chaucer's pilgrimage,
The rose of Dante's deep, divine desire,
The tragic mask of wise Euripides.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1918 NUMBER 25

PIPPA'S SONG

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!
—*Robert Browning.*

The following, clipped from the *San Jose News* of July 22, presumably having escaped the censorship of the postmaster at that place, will, we trust, secure the indulgence of the Chicago officials. Perhaps no body of men and women in the country have a better right to speak with authority than the teachers, and certainly no aggregation of workers has in the past contributed more to the loyalty of the American citizen than they have, and in thus taking their stand alongside of Secretary Baker, and as we understand it, President Wilson, they speak for democracy. If this is to be the last war, as all parties pray, the energies of the nation should be directed in the interest of the new relations between nations and not in the interest of another possible "last war:"

In certain quarters in this country an effort is being made to imply that if a man does not favor universal military training as a permanent proposition, he must necessarily be filled with seditious sentiments. An effort to "slip over" universal military training as a permanent institution is being made. But so far these efforts have been far from successful. The national administration has always sharply distinguished between accepting the principle of conscription as an emergency war measure, and accepting it as a permanent matter. Secretary of War Baker has acted with special courage and decision toward the schemers for fastening universal military service permanently upon the people under the guise of war necessity.

It is encouraging to see that the National League of Teachers' associations, with a membership made up of people no one would dare to call unpatriotic, has strongly endorsed Secretary Bakers' stand. Here are the resolutions to Baker adopted by the teachers in session in a convention:

The National league of Teachers' associations, representing 20,000 teachers in convention at Pittsburg, desires to express its warm approval of your courage and statesmanship in refusing to be stampeded into the endorsement and adoption of a permanent system of universal military training and service at this time. The American people are in this war, as Lloyd-George has said of the English people, to put an end to that monstrous evil everywhere, and it is heartening to feel that under the leadership which we now enjoy we are in no danger of losing the chief end of the war before the war is more than well begun. We are well aware that your moderate and sensible position has cost you some newspaper abuse, but we believe that your course is well understood and is silently approved by the great American people.

Just as this resolution says, the great majority of the American people "silently approve" of the action of Baker. But the trouble is, the advocates of permanent universal military training are not so silent. They occupy the tribunes in high places, and thunder forth their arguments, allowing no man to say them nay without being called everything from a pro-German to a fiend.

With our neighbor *The Christian Century* we have refrained from adverse comment on the "zone system" of second class postage, knowing that in war all the considerations that obtain in civic life and under peaceful conditions, are held in a state of suspense, and that adverse criticism of any law might be considered an offense to national welfare. But our neighbor has broken the silence in its issue of July 25 sufficiently to print the opinion of Charles E. Hughes, recently of the Supreme Bench, which opinion did not seem to arouse the suspicion of the censor at the Chicago Postoffice and so we print it in UNITY. *The Christian Century* says:

There is no good argument that can be made against Mr. Hughes' position. If we are to be "one country" it must be made as easy for opinion and intelligence to circulate to the extremities of the nation as in the immediate vicinity of its publication. The present campaign for the repeal of the discriminatory legislation now going into effect is not merely in the interest of the publishers, but in the interest of the nation and of every man and woman in it.

The following is the opinion of Justice Hughes referred to:

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the zone system of postal rates for newspapers and periodicals, coming under the definition of second-class mail matter, as ill advised. The Commission of Second-Class Mail Matter (appointed in 1911), of which I was a member, considered this question and reported unanimously against the zone system. We said in that report:

"The policy of zone rates was pursued in the earlier history of our post office and has been given up in favor of a uniform rate in view of the larger interest of the nation as a whole. It would seem to the commission to be entirely impracticable to attempt to establish a system of zone rates for second-class matter. . . . .

"Progress in the post office, with respect both to economy in administration and to public convenience, leads away from a variety of differential charges to uniform rates and broad classifications."

In my judgment the zone system for second-class mail matter is unjust to the publisher and unjust to the public. It not only imposes upon the publisher the additional rates upon a sectional basis, but it makes necessary the added expense for the necessary zone classifications at a time when every economy in production and distribution is most important. It introduces a complicated postal system to the inconvenience of the publisher and public when there should be a constant effort towards greater simplicity. There is no more reason for a zone system of rates for newspapers and magazines than for letters.

Newspapers and magazines are admitted to the second-class postal rates on the well established policy of encouraging the dissemination of intelligence, but a zone system is a barrier to this dissemination. If it is important that newspapers and magazines should be circulated, it is equally important that there should not be sectional divisions to impede their general circulation through the entire country.

We are proud at this moment of united purpose, but if we are to continue as a people to cherish united purposes and to maintain our essential unity as a nation, we must foster the influences that promote unity. The greatest of these influences, perhaps, is the spread of intelligence diffused by newspapers and periodical literature. Abuses in connection with second-class mail matter will not be cured by a zone system of rates. That will hurt the good no less than the bad, and perhaps some of the best sort of periodical literature will be hit the hardest.

We do not wish to promote sectionalism, and "one country" means that in our correspondence and the diffusion of necessary intelligence we should have a uniform postal rate for the entire country. The widest and freest interchange is the soundest public policy.

I hope that Congress will repeal the provision for the zone system which is decidedly a looking-backward and walking-backward measure.

Exaggeration Not Patriotism

General Pershing has revealed the true soldier in the following message to the War Department, which has given it publicity. We clip it and the comment from a recent issue of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*. We hope that in the interest of sanity and justice the press, particularly the religious press, will give it wide publicity, for the pulpits of the land have contributed their share of sensational extravagance over what is bad enough at best. Atrocities do travel in the wake of armies everywhere, and always they reach their maximum with an invading army. But exaggerations also belong to war. Not for the sake of the Germans, but for the sake of humanity let not human nerves be first tortured and then hardened by exaggerations. The oratorical soldier is more in evidence in the rear than at the front. There is a comradship of heroism, a brotherhood in danger that sanctifies the suffering and crowns with patience and justice the heroes of the trenches. Let the words of the commander-in-chief of the American forces in France speak for themselves. The comment attached thereto expresses the convictions of UNITY, and we believe meets the demands of patriotism and the desires of all good citizens:

"A St. Louis, Mo., paper recently received here states that a sergeant, one of the fifty men sent back in connection with the Liberty Loan campaign, is making speeches in which he states:

"'The Germans gave poisoned candy to the children to eat and hand grenades for them to play with. They show glee at the children's dying writhings and laugh aloud when the grenades explode. I saw one American boy about seventeen years old, who had been captured by the Germans, come back to our trenches. He had cotton in and about his ears. I asked some one what the cotton was for.

"'"The Germans cut off his ears and sent him back to tell us they want to fight men," was the answer. They feed Americans tuberculosis germs.'

"As there is no foundation whatever in fact for such statements based on any experience we have had, I recommend that this sergeant, if the statements quoted above were made by him, be immediately returned for duty here, and that the statements be contradicted.

"PERSHING."

Gen. Pershing has acted with his usual good sense. He is a soldier, and he realizes that it is neither soldierly nor sensible to bring FALSE charges even against an enemy whose conduct at other times has been such as to make charges of this kind easy to believe.

We Americans do not need to resort to MANUFACTURED TALES of atrocities in order to beat our German enemy. We will beat the German military machine not with braggadocio nor with inventions of overheated fancy, but with arms in the hands of our soldiers.

Such false tales as these which Gen. Pershing contradicts and rebukes can have no good effect and are bound to have bad effects upon our own people and our own cause.

One bad effect is the mental suffering inflicted by such untruthful stories upon the families of our boys in France—upon the mothers and sisters and wives who are thus distressed and agonized unnecessarily—when the actual dangers which our soldiers must encounter are sufficient cause of apprehension to their dear ones at home.

We do not mean, of course, to say that every report of cruelty and of atrocity that has come to American ears is false. Undoubtedly, too many of them are unhappily true. What we do say is that there should be no addition of INVENTED STORIES of cruelty, that nothing should be published or repeated which is not reasonably well known to be true.

Of course, no war is ever carried on without exciting hatred and bitterness necessarily associated with war without intensifying and aggravating these sentiments by concocting and spreading FALSE reports.

Let the enemy do as they choose; let them resort to whatever tactics they choose; but as for us, both as a people and as individuals, let us act and speak like men who have a high purpose in our hearts and who are resolved to accomplish that purpose by waging a victorious war in manly fashion.

The Story of Sordello

CLASS PAPERS READ BEFORE THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE BROWNING CLASS SEASON FOR 1917-18.

(*Continued from last issue.*)

IV.

Sordello, Browning's poem, was created from the accumulation of Italian history possessed by the author. His knowledge of the time, replete with dramatic opportunity, and the idealism given to Sordello by Dante, may furnish the framework for this wonderful poetic structure.

Sordello is purported to have been a poet, a troubadour, a soldier and a politician. Little is known of his history and that little through tradition and legend. He is supposed to have been a forerunner of Dante in establishing the Italian vernacular.

To give a brief outline of the real Sordello of history would be to relate conflicting stories and the discussions of historians. Hence the character of Sordello as Browning presents him to us, will furnish the subject of our study.

The action of the poem passes over a period from babyhood to ripe manhood of Sordello. The time of the story it tells is the thirteenth century. The geography, northern Italy. The ferment of the times; the political unrest of the Empire and the church. The masses were led to embrace one or the other faction, as conviction or more probably inheritance decided. The fued was of German origin, between families. The names of the factions in the course of time became Italian, thus Guelf and Ghibellin.

The Emperor of Germany, Frederick II, headed the Ghibellin party and the Pope, Honorius III, the Guelf.

Supremacy of church or state was the ever-present contention. If assumed friendship proved to be oil on troubled waters, discarded pretense hastened the anticipated contest.

So in our poem a partial truce was roughly cast

aside by the Kaiser and the Pope at once excommunicated him. Hence the followers in different provinces and cities renewed warfare, siding with Pope or Emperor.

Two houses of note, including their heirs and retainers, are given by Browning as typical of the time. The house of Ecelin, with its adherents of the Emperor, included a famous general, Salinguerra, with whom our story deals; and the house of Este—Pope followers.

Some years before our story opens, Salinguerra, then a young and rising man, married Retrude, a beautiful noble woman. A little son blessed the union. Salinguerra was a servitor of the house of Ecelin. The head of this house, a powerful baron, married four times, but was not favored with sons of future military promise. His last wife, Lady Adelaide, and mother of the two boys, realized their possible unfitness, knowing the cruelties and dissipations of their father, and his indifference to the fortunes of his house, if his personal exertion and leadership were demanded. The interest he took was only secondary and forced by his ambitious wife. Lady Adelaide, seeing the promise of Salinguerra to advance to position and power, and knowing the mantle of the father would in time descend to the son, plotted to abduct the baby boy of Retrude and Salinguerra, thus removing a possible rival to her sons. She accomplished this during a battle in which Salinguerra was engaged. While the city burned she had the mother and child taken prisoners and carried to her country estate in Goito. Retrude died on the arrival. The baby was assigned a portion of the house and grounds and kept in secret from the Count, her husband. Salinguerra supposed his wife and infant perished in battle. He advanced in his military career, until at the opening of this story he is the active head of the army of the Ghibellins, or Baron's party.

Sordello passed his babyhood and youth attended by servants, and allowed to roam and muse at will through certain portions of the noble estate. One spot he frequently, the fountain, a marble fount upheld by caryatids, architectural women figures. These stone companions were his playmates, and the unresponsiveness of such associates may have left him more time for musing and the development of fancies than natural to a normal boy. The imagination created amusement and pastime. He studied objects about him; plants, trees, flowers, and gave to each a life somewhat in common with himself. He lived in to-day only, happy and unquestioning the morrow, a lonely boy, weaving poetic fancies, and never thinking of others, a selfish being, self-satisfied and contented. As time passed he became restless, and realized that the attitude he held toward plants and flowers brought him no sympathy in return. He felt lonely, and the desire to be some one worth while took hold of his fancy. He, having no friends, again used his imagination to conjure up characters of different types. He would play the part of each new creature, by fancying himself possessing the aims and characteristics of those he selected. He imitates in turn the soldier with his sword, the campaigner on his marches, the poet in his verse. He becomes confused in trying to assimulate so many types and decides to choose the one as an ideal, most worthy his imitation. He embraced the heroes of mythology in his selection, and chose Apollo as his example of manhood.

In his wanderings in Goito he occasionally meets Palma, the daughter of Ecelin and step-daughter of Lady Adelaide. These glimpses inspire him with love, but the maiden is supposedly betrothed to Count Richard of Saint Boniface. Sordello now views himself as insignificant and longs to do something worth while. One spring morning he wanders off through the marshes toward Mantua. He is unhappy, and as ever full of dreams of something to do bye and bye. He comes unexpectedly upon a crowd of people holding a poetic tournament. In these days a "Court of Love," as it was called, allowed a suitor to engage a minstrel to present his court to the lady fair. Thus Richard sent Eglamor to plead his cause with Palma, she and her mother being judges. The minstrel Eglamor pours out his verses. Then Sordello steps up and as one inspired gives his own idea of the theme. He makes a great conquest and is awarded the prize by Palma. This episode marks an epoch in Sordello's life. He questions his identity, and realizes he knows all too little of his own history. The thought of being a member of the upper class, gifted with poetical ability, suggests a combination that would insure honor and fame. But alas! he is told that he is the son of a poor archer—Elcorte, and not of noble birth, having been befriended by the lady of Goito. This necessitates a change in his viewpoint, and still longing for renown, he decides to try his fortune in Mantua, whither his fame as a poet has preceded him. While in Mantua he writes to please and amuse, but is not accorded lasting honor. His verses fail in time to bring forth the applause he must have to satisfy his ambition. Years pass and the soul is still struggling for expression. The poetic or ideal side of his nature calls for the complete development of soul, but the man, Sordello, often interferes with these high schemes, and stops for amusement and pastime. The struggle of self against self, the temporary disappointments, and the hope of retrieving in the future the present unfulfilled desires wears on him. He leaves Mantua and returns to a year's solitude at Goito. His former life in Mantua seems unreal. He broods in discontent over his lack of experience in the joys of life, and perceives that instead of waiting for a full and complete experience, he should have used them as a means and not an end. He finds youth has gone, so he resolves to make the most of the years yet in store. Action must be his in future. As he arrives at this decision he is summoned to Vernona by Palma, who surprises him, not with commands, but with a confession to her minstrel.

Palma has been doing some practical and political thinking since the death of Lady Adelaide. On her death bed the lady of Goito reveals to Palma the true parentage of Sordello. After Lady Ecelin's death her lord missed her rousing influence to military conquest, and would not be further influenced by Taurello Salinguerra. In fact, as his years advanced and the death of his wife suggested his own expectations, the memories of cruelties and crimes haunted him, and he thought it prudent to get into a monastery and do a little praying. Tired of wars, he wedded his sons into Guelf families, and planned a similar disposal of Palma to Count Richard. Palma being left the only interested military member of the family, saw in her union with Sordello, as son of the powerful Salinguerra, a chance to continue in power, as her right to the leadership of the Ecelin clan.

Palma conferred with Salinguerra as to the possible success of the alliance, but did not reveal to him the secret told her by Adelaide. She now made her plans partially clear to Sordello. She proclaimed her love for him and induced him to go with her to interview the leader of the Ghibellins at Ferrara, where the general rested after seizing the city.

The sights Sordello views on his journey and on his arrival in Ferrara fill his mind with one fine, high endeavor; to be a friend to mankind! He fancies the condition of the people may be the cause of the long and bitter strife between the Guelfs and the Ghibellins. He hastens to Salinguerra and questions him, but receives nothing but discouragement. He wanders about Ferrara, and the wretchedness he encounters more firmly convinces him of his debt to mankind. He is recognized and asked to sing at the campfire.

The Emperor has authorized Salinguerra to appoint a leader for the imperial faction, and Taurello hesitates in his choice. Ecelin and his sons are out of the race. If he himself assumes the badge he would be false to the house of Ecelin. In the interval Sordello questions Palma as to the real motives of the conflict and finds no people's cause, but only selfish, ignoble ambitions of the nobles. Sordello is fired with zeal to serve the people, but how? He is asked to sing. He uses the history of Crescentius as subject for his song. Putting before his hearers the progress of mankind through law and order.

Later Sordello is taken by Palma to plead with Salinguerra as to the rights of the people. The general is unmoved as to the plans of the minstrel, but realizes his strength and power, and is perhaps the man for whom he is looking to receive the badge of leadership. In response to this sudden thought he throws the baldric around Sordello's neck. Palma sees it is time to reveal her secret of the relationship of these two men. She tells the story imparted to her by Lady Ecelin. Salinguerra's realization of a son brings all his personal ambition again in play, and he sees his family advanced to power and affluence. Sordello is stunned, powerless of speech. Palma thinks he needs to be alone; she withdraws with Salinguerra, who is busy recounting his plans for future campaigns.

After awhile they hear a noise and return to the room, to find Sordello dead. His physical strength snapped under the spiritual and mental conflict as to his duty and high purpose. That he was true to his resolve to aid humanity rather than raise his fortunes, is revealed by the position of the badge of power, which was found beneath his feet. The conflict fought by him in solitude was greater than that of the Guelf and Ghibellin, a moral victory, a soul conquered, but with no blare of trumpets.

Salinguerra lost his military skill, and as an old man was taken prisoner and held in Venice until his death.

The fires of war have blazed and waned at intervals during the intervening centuries, to break forth in our day in fury, in the same provinces of Italy as recounted in our study.

MARCELLA NOBLE.

V.

Sordello has been the hardest Browning problem I ever tried to solve. Paracelsus, Strafford and The Ring and the Book were as A B C's in comparison. But after considerable circuitous plodding the poem slowly unfolded; and, as at almost every step we discovered unsuspected, exquisitely beautiful passages, we were encouraged to plod through the tangled underbrush of unfamiliar mythological metaphors and to push aside the overhanging vines and branches of forgotten (if ever known) historical references, till at last we emerged, as it were, on the top of the hill with an unobstructed, unforgettable panorama before our charmed eyes.

The story of Sordello concerns itself with the development of a soul, and for the sheath of that soul Browning selects the name of an obscure, almost unknown character, a poet of Italy named Sordello, who antedated Dante by many years. And, although he was said by Dante to have created the Italian language, he seems to have been utterly forgotten and neglected by history until Dante gave him slight and shadowy personality in cantos VI-IX of the Purgatorio; and, though his poetical and political powers are but hinted at by Dante, yet that was enough for the eager, vigorous Browning, and left him all the more room to construct *his* Sordello according to *his* idea of what such a poet and philosopher as the Sordello of that mediaeval Italy should be.

Browning, under the influence of Shelley, looked upon mankind from the social viewpoint rather than the individual, and so took his hero Sordello through successive evolutions of thought toward humanity and his personal relations thereto. He cumbered his poem with much history, real and imaginary, to give Sordello sufficient scope for the working out of his (Browning's) will with him; but, without trying to follow closely the historical background, we get enough to render us truly sympathetic with the complexities of Sordello's life and his inability to rise to the situation demanded of him.

Not unlike Paracelsus, he dreams, he aspires and strives; he seems to "have arrived" only to become introspective, analytical, disillusioned and discouraged for a time—then again aspiring as his meditations open his eyes to the fact that both the political and warring parties are at fault; one as guilty of wrongs to the people as the other, and that only in the absorption of both into an entirely new party under the domination of a Holy Roman Empire was happiness and progress for *all* the people possible. He conceives of himself as the poet capable of leading *his* world through the power of his songs.

At this point in his development the opportunity to become a leader of one of the great factions comes to him—a powerful political leader—which his awakened social conscience compels him to spurn; and at almost the moment of his decision the two who had hoped and planned for his acceptance of the proposed leadership were summoned to his chamber by his death-fall, and reached his side in time to catch an exultant look in his eyes. According to Browning, Sordello left his country in a dilemma from which it never recovered; and also, in the poet's mind, our hero's life seemed to be a failure.

But years afterward, so Browning says, one of Sordello's songs (maybe only a part of it) lived; for it was sung by a little barefoot boy as he climbed the slopes of Assolo, "trying to beat the lark."

Was Sordello's life a failure? If a person leave but a single thought which lives and sings itself in the heart of even a simple peasant child—can his life be called a failure? He failed in the exercise of his will, indecision being in Browning's eyes "the unpardona-

ble sin." But he *had aspired!* He had *stretched and reached toward infinity,* and refused to step into the mire of politics. "He *willed,* but negatively," you may say, but he *aspired!* When some plants are nothing but colorless dust, their pungent, pleasant odor fills the nostrils. I'm for Sordello!

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

VI.

The poem Sordello has been most severely criticized and least understood of all Browning's poems. It contains all his faults in their worst form. There is rough versification, abrupt transition, long insertions of foreign matter to make the reader lose all thought connection, and constant reference to things and events not likely to be understood, or possible for the general public to find out.

The poet seems to have the attitude toward his readers that if they cannot grasp his meaning it is so much the worse for them.

If we do not understand it, we may console ourselves by reading that others have failed also, among them such celebrities as Tennyson, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Kingsley, Harriet Martineau, the Carlyles, and even Elizabeth Barrett herself, who said it was "Like a noble picture, with it's face turned toward the wall."

BOOK I.

The story opens in the twelfth century at Verona. It was a tumultuous time in northern Italy. There was a reaction against the theory of life laid down by the monks; love and war and romance were in the air, and art and law and literature were beginning to take form.

Petty political rulers of rival cities struggled for supremacy. All Italian provinces were full of factions, now supporting the Pope and Church, and again rallying for the Emperor, Frederick. The Lombardy League was in Verona.

We are just introduced to Sordello and Palma in Count Richard's palace, then the poet takes us back to a period years earlier, when Sordello was a boy, at Goito Castle, dreaming his life away among the stone-carved maidens of a beautiful fountain, cultivating his poetic fancy and imagining himself Apollo.

BOOK II.

It happens, one day, that Sordello wanders toward Mantua, and comes upon Palma and her friends holding a "Court of Love."

Eglamor, a troubadour, sings for a prize. Sordello takes up the theme, and so far excels Eglamor that he is crowned by Palma as her minstrel, amid great applause.

Eglamor dies of thwarted ambition and a broken heart, and Sordello enters on a new career, and finds difficulties. His human hearers are different from the stone maidens, and fail to identify him with the human passions and powers he depicts.

The man and the poet in him are at strife. Naddo gives him practical advice, which does not please him, and he becomes discouraged over his loss of ideals. He had been triumphant only for the brief time in which his poetry was in sympathy with human life.

Mr. Browning's idea about poetry seems to be that the mind must not disclaim the body, nor imagination divorce itself from reality; the spiritual is inseparable from the material in our earthly life. Sordello's restless sprit needed the anchorage of human love and sympathy.

BOOK III.

He escapes from Mantua and returns to Goito, throws his laurels into the font and seeks peace in Nature. He feels that he ought to identify himself with humanity, and somehow inspire men with higher ideals by force of his will and power of his imagination. He asks himself, "How shall I do this?"

As if to answer his desire Naddo arrives with a message from Palma urging him to come to Verona. Great events are taking place. Romano is retiring to a monastery, dividing his estate between his sons, whom he has offered in marriage to the sisters of Lord Azzo. He has betrothed Palma to Count Richard, and bidden him come to Mantua for the nuptials.

Sordello's foster mother, Adelaide, has passed away, dying in Palma's arms, and the latter calls on him to come and take part in affairs.

Taurello has urged Palma to take up her father's cause, and, having made a plea to Ecelin and been repulsed, he consents to her plan of calling in Sordello. Book III ends with a panegyric to the poet.

BOOK IV.

Now we come into the strife of the warring factions. Count Richard has been imprisoned at Ferrara and the League of Lombardy is called out and all is dire confusion. We have a fine pen-portrait of Salinguerra, soldier, statesman and man, as, resting in his palace, he reviews his life, and his thirty years' service for the house of Romano. Now he is offered the badge and title of Imperial Prefect if he will assume the leadership of the Ghibellins. Already he has crippled the Guelph cause and holds Richard prisoner.

Hither the poet, Sordello, was brought by Palma to meet this man of action.

The two wander through the beleagured city and witness the horrors of civil war, and the effects of Ghibellin cruelty. He wonders if the Guelphs would be as bad, and, mingling with them, he decides theirs is the people's cause and he will make it his. He will win Taurello to the cause of Rome and the Church.

BOOK V.

Sordello realizes that he has undertaken an Herculean task, more, perhaps, than one man can accomplish in one lifetime.

He makes an eloquent and desperate plea to Salinguerra on behalf of the Guelph cause, and the old soldier, far from yielding, yet admires his youth and enthusiasm. He says:

"There wants a youth, to bustle, stalk and attitudinize." Turning to Palma, he tells her he wishes she were Ecelin's son, but since that cannot be, he bids her marry this young poet whom she loves, and make common cause with him (Salinguerra).

In a sudden impulse he throws the baldric across Sordello's shoulders, saying:

> This badge alone makes you Romano's Head;—
> Becomes superb on your bare neck, which would
> On mine disturb the pauldron.

Then Palma related what Adelaide had confided to her, when dying in her arms. How, while the battle raged at Vincenza, Retrude had borne a son to Salinguerra, whom Adelaide had hidden when the mother died and adopted as her own, fearing his father might favor him and desert the Emperor's cause.

Palma had been sworn to secrecy, but now felt the time was ripe to restore Sordello to his father, and she bids Taurello embrace his son.

"He laid Sordello's hand on his own eyes, mouth, forehead," in token of allegiance, and then began to tell what he would do to advance the Emperor's cause by the sword, till Palma, seeing how greatly agitated Sordello was, gently led the father away and left him to make his decision alone.

In the gallery below she sung Sordello's praises, and the old soldier framed her face in his hands while he kissed her forehead, then resumed his war-like monologue, marching up and down the dusky passage, rehearsing his plans to rebuild Charlemagne and break up Hildebrand.

Suddenly a heavy foot-fall is heard above, and in some consternation, hand in hand, they hasten to the upper chamber, to find Sordello breathing his last breath, with the Baldric under his foot, where he had thrown and stamped upon it.

The struggle between the real and the ideal, between love for Palma and loyalty to his new-found father on the one hand, and duty to the people, as his conscience presented it to him on the other hand, had proved too much for the frail heart and brain.

> Alas Sordello, whom anon
> They laid within the old font tomb,
> And yet again, Alas!

BOOK VI.

The last book tells how Salinguerra extricates himself, Sordello being dead, and of his later life and exploits, keeping up his game, now of peace, now war, using the two sons of Ecelin to further his schemes, each of whom, in good time, ended a turbulent life by a violent death, as was fitting.

Taurello, at eighty years, had

> dwindled down to a mere turbulent soldier,
> Undoubtedly a brawler, for the rest,
> Known by each neighbor, and allowed for.

And Sordello? The poet tells it thus:

> The chroniclers of Mantua tired their pen
> Telling how Sordello, Prince Visconti, saved
> Mantua, and elsewhere notably behaved
> While what he should have been,
> Could be, and was not, the one step too mean
> For him to take,
> That step Sordello spurned, for the world's sake.
>
> Still, on a heathy, brown and nameless hill
> By sparkling Asolo, in mist and chill
> A barefoot child in rosy sunrise see,
> Up and up, singing all the while, goes he,
> Some unintelligible words, to beat
> The lark, God's poet, swooning at his feet,
> All that is left of the Goito lay.

H. W. WHITCOMB.

A Sordello Anthology

SELECTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE BROWNING CLASS FOR SEASON 1917-18.

I

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Frederick II, Emperor of Germany.
Ecelino de Romano, also known as the Monk, married first to
Agnes Este, later to
Adelaide, (a Tuscan.)
Taurello Salinguerra, a soldier under Frederick, married first to
Retrude, a relative of Frederick of Germany, later to
Sofia, fifth daughter of Ecelin.
Palma, (properly Cunizza), daughter of Ecelino and Agnes,
Ecelino III, and Alberic, sons of Ecelin II.

All the above are Ghibellins, except Agnes.

The Guelphs are—

Azzo, Lord of Este, father and son.
The Pope, Honorius III, and his Legate,
Richard, Count of St. Boniface, (father and son).

Besides these are

Sordello, a poet (son of Retrude and Salinguerra.)
Elcorte, archer, assumed father of Sordello.
Eglamor, a poet; Naddo, a courtier; Elys, an imaginary type of Italian beauty, Henry VI of Sicely, Retrude's father, some soldiers, etc.

II

PEN PORTRAITS

Harriet W. Whitcomb.

ROMANO

Book Line

I. 279–282 Romano (so they styled him) throve, that neck
Of his so pinched and white, that hungry cheek
Proved 'twas some fiend, not him, the man's flesh went to feed.

SORDELLO

I. 449–470 In this castle may be seen
A slender boy in a loose page's dress,
Sordello: do but look on him awhile
Watching ('tis autumn) with an earnest smile
The noisy flock of thievish birds at work
Among the yellow vineyards;—his face,
Look, now he turns away! Yourselves shall trace
The delicate nostril swerving wide and fine,
A sharp and restless lip, so well combine
With that calm brow a soul fit to receive
Delight at every sense; you can believe
Sordello foremost in the regal class
Nature has broadly severed from her mass
Of men, and framed for pleasure.

PALMA

I. 949–959 So conspicuous in his world of dreams sat Palma.
How the tresses curled
Into a sumptuous swell of gold, and wound
About her like a glory! even the ground
Was bright as with split sunbeams; breathe
Not!—poised, see, one leg doubled underneath,
Rests, but the other, listlessly below,
O'er the couch side swings, feeling for cool air,
The vein-streaks swollen a richer violet where
The languid blood lies heavily.

RETRUDE

II. 912–16 The girlish slip of a Sicilian bride
From Otho's house, he carried to reside
At Mantua till the Ferrarese should pile
A structure worthy her imperial style.

THE LEGATE

IV. 284–89 The Legate look!
With eyes, like fresh-blown thrush-eggs on a thread,
Faint blue and loosely floating in his head,
Large tongue, moist open mouth; and this long while
That owner of the idiotic smile serves them!

SALINGUERRA

IV. 423–45 And Salinguerra with his fears and hopes
Of sixty years, his Emperors and Popes,

Book Line

Cares and contrivances, yet you would say
'Twas a youth nonchalantly looked away
Through the embrasure northward o'er the sick
Expostulating trees—so agile, quick,
And graceful turned the head on the broad chest
Encased in pliant steel, his constant vest,
Loosened of its tire of steel
That head let breathe the comely brown
Large massive locks discoloured as if a crown
Encircled them, so frayed the basnet, where
A sharp white line divided clean the hair;
Glossy above, glossy below, it swept
Curling and fine about a brow that kept calm.
Square-faced, no lion more, two vivid eyes, encased
In hollows filled with many a shade and streak
Settling from the bold nose and bearded cheek.
Nor might the half smile reach them that deformed
A lip supremely perfect else.

ECELIN'S SONS

VI. 760 And Taurello thus allowed the thin
Grey wizened dwarfish Ecelin,
And massy-muscled, big-boned Alberic,
Mere man, alas! to put his problem quick
To demonstration—prove wherever's will
To do, there's plenty to be done, or ill
Or good.

QUOTATIONS DESCRIBING NATURE

I. 80 That Autumn eve was stilled:
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand
The woods beneath lay black.

I. 903 He climbed some close ravine
Mid clatter of its million pebbles sheen,
Over which, singing soft, the runnel slipt
Elate with rains, into whose streamlet dipped
He foot, yet trod, you thought, with unwet sock,
Tho really on the stubs of living rock
Ages ago it crenelled.

II. 1 The woods were long austere with snow; at last
Pink leaflets budded on the beech, and fast
Larches, scattered through pine-tree solitudes
Brightened, as in the slumbrous heart o' the woods
Our buried year, a witch, grey young again
To placid incantations.

II. 20 His stooping forehead was besprent
With dewdrops from the skirting ferns, then wide
Opened the great morass, shot every side
With flashing water through and through ashine,
Thick, steaming, all alive.

III. 88 'Twas the marsh
Gone of a sudden. Mincio in its place
Laughed, a broad water, in next morning's face
And, where the mists broke up, immense and white
I' the steady wind, burned like a spilth of light
Out of the crashing of a myriad stars.

V. 316 The hesitating sunset floated back,
Rosily traversed in its wonted track
The chamber,—outlined sudden, spur to crest
That solid Salinguerra, and caressed
Palma's contour; 'twas day looped back night's pall.

VI. 8 While eve sank down the terrace to the farther bank

Book Line

And only spot left from the night
Glimmered upon the river opposite
A breath of watery heaven like a bay
A sky-like space of water, ray for ray
And star for star.

VI. 101 Life's i' the tempest, thought
Clothes the keen hilltop, mid-day woods
Are fraught with favors.

VI. 620 By this, the hermit-bee has stopped
His day's toil at Gioto: the new-cropped
Dead vine-leaf answers, now 'tis eve, he bit,
Twirled so, and filed all day; the mansion's fit,
God counselled for. As easy guess the word
That passed between them, and become the third
To the soft small unfrighted bee, as tax
Him (Sordello), with one fault—so, no resemblance racks
Of the stone maidens and the front of stone
He, creeping through the crevice, leaves alone.

MISCELLANEOUS

II. 229 The sorriest bat which cowers throughout noontide
While other birds are jocund, has one time
When moon and stars are blinded, and the prime
Of earth is his to claim, nor find a peer.

III. 96–7 No! youth once gone is gone:
Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.

III. 727–29 Venice seems a type
Of life—'twxt blue and blue extends a stripe
As Life, the somewhat, hangs 'twixt nought and nought.

III.

Selected by Elizabeth C. Bailey.

NATURE

I. 80 A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forest like a torch flame turned
By the wind back upon the bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,
The woods lay black.

VI. 11 A breath of watery heaven like a bay,
A sky-like space of water, ray for ray,
And star for star, one richness where they mixed
As this and that wing of an angel fixed
Tumultuary splendors folded in
To die.

III. 344 Waits he not the waking year?
His almond blossoms must be honey ripe
By this; to welcome him, fresh runnels stripe
The thawed ravines; because of him the wind
Walks like a herald. I shall surely find
Him now.

III. 307 . . . Clouds the irrevocable travellers.

The lark, God's poet.

III. 593 . . . my rhymes—that spring, dispread,
Dispart, disperse, lingering overhead
Like an escape of angels.

PHILOSOPHY

III. 129 As hinder Life the evil with the good
Which make up living, rightly understood.

V. 635 'Tis but brother's speech
We need, speech where an accent's change gives each
The other's soul.

Book Line

V. 252 All is changed the moment you descry
Mankind as half yourself.

II. 782 How should externals satisfy my soul?

IV. 262 . . . privilege procure
For all, the few had long possessed.

II. 280 Learnt how to live in weakness as in strength.

II. 797 Would you have your songs endure
Build on the human heart!

III. 175 Nought is alien in the world—my Will
Owns all already.

III. 898 What seems a fiend perchance may prove a saint.

IV. 767 . . . Why men must twine
Somehow with something.

IV. 901 Assure me, good may lurk
Under the bad.

VI. 94 —Ah, but the best
Somehow eludes us ever, still might be
And is not!

VI. 179 Some insane rose that burnt heart out in sweets,
A spendthrift in the spring, no summer greets.

VI. The real way seemed made up of all the ways.

VI. Men's road
Is one, men's times of travel, many.

VI. The soul's no whit
Beyond the body's purpose under it.

VI. Small, great, are merely terms we bandy here;
Since to the spirit's absoluteness all are alike.

VI. Then my own way
Bless me! Give firmer arm and fleeter foot
I'll thank you: but to no man wings transmute
These limbs of mine.

VI. I for one
Will praise the world yon stile mere ante-room to palace.

IV.

LIFE LINES.

Selected by Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Noble

I. 35 Confess now, poets know the dragnet's trick,
Catching the dead, if fate denies the quick,
And shaming her.

80 That autumn eve was stilled:
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,
The woods beneath lay black.

124 The hill-cat boasts some cunning of her own.
Some stealthy trick to better beasts unknown,
That quick with prey enough her hunger blunts,
And feeds her fat while gaunt the lion hunts.

412 . . . shrinking Caryatides
Of just-tinged marble like Eve's lilied flesh
Beneath her maker's finger when the fresh
First pulse of life shot brightening the snow.

424 So dwell these noiseless girls, patient to see,
Like priestesses because of sin impure
Penanced forever, who resigned endure,
Having that once drunk sweetness to the dregs.

Book Line

473 . . . mere decay
Produces richer life; and day by day
New pollen on the lily-petals grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.

496 . . . fresh births of beauty wake
Fresh homage, every grade of love is past,
With every mode of loveliness: then cast
Inferior idols off their borrowed crown
Before a coming glory.

504 Visibly through his garden walketh God.

548 Thou hast
Life, then—wilt challenge life for us: our race
Is vindicated so, obtains its place
In thy ascent, the first of us; whom we
May follow, to the meanest, finally,

628 The day's adventures for the day suffice—
Its constant tribute of perceptions strange,
With sleep and stir in healthy interchange,
Suffice, and leave him for the next at ease—

648 Thus they wore
A fluctuating halo, yesterday
Set flicker and tomorrow filched away,—

704 Amid his wildwood sights he lived alone.
As if the poppy felt with him!

730 Alas, from the beginning love is whole
And true; if sure of naught beside, most sure
Of its own truth at least; nor may endure
A crowd to see its face, that cannot know
How hot the pulses throb its heart below:
While its own helplessness and utter want
Of means to worthily be ministrant
To what it worships, do but fan the more
Its flame, exalt the idol far before
Itself as it would have it ever be.

787 . . . foreign recognitions stamp
The current value.

835 . . . my soul
Hunting a body out may gain its whole
Desire some day!

851 Who grudges time so spent?
Rather test qualities to heart's content—
Summon them, thrice selected, near and far—
Compress the starriest into one star,
And grasp the whole at once!

965 Fate is tardy with the stage
And crowd she promised.

997 . . . whence an accident
Which, breaking on Sordello's mixed content
Opened, like any flash that cures the blind,
The veritable business of mankind.

II. 143 . . . for, see, he soared
By means of that mere snatch, to many a hoard
Of fancies; as some falling cone bears soft
The eye along the fir-tree-spire, aloft
To a dove's nest.

228 The sorriest bat which cowers throughout noontide
While other birds are jocund, has one time
When moon and stars are blinded, and the prime
Of earth is his to claim, nor find a peer;

279 . . . and, mastering the round at length,
Learnt how to live in weakness as in strength.

365 . . . to do his best
With means so limited, and let the rest
Go by.

Book Line

407 The grace of seeing grace, a quintessence
For thee.

440 . . . . Song, not deeds,
Was chosen.

782 How should externals satisfy my soul?

797 Would you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart.

81 Thus beauty vanishes; thus stone
Outlingers flesh: nature's and his youth gone,
They left the world to you, and wished you joy.

94 No! youth once gone is gone:
Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.

98 Nature has time, may mend
Mistake, she knows occasion will recur.

116 Of love, heart's love, your heart's love that endures
Till death

175 . . . Naught is Alien in the world—my will
Owns all already.

206 The level wind carried above the firs
Clouds, the irrevocable travellers,
Onward.

988 What seems a fiend perchance may prove a saint.

IV. 9 —each party too intent
For noticing, howe'er the battle went,
The conqueror would but have a corpse to kiss.

111 Our dropping Autumn morning clears apace,
And poor Ferrara puts a softened face
On her misfortunes.

231 . . . for if a wealthy man decays
And out of store of robes must wear, all days,
One tattered suit, alike in sun and shade,
'Tis commonly some tarnished gay brocade
Fit for a feast-night's flourish and no more:

239 The faint reminder of some worn-out smile
Meant for a feast-night's service merely.

261 First a mighty equilibrium, sure,
Should he establish, privilege procure
For all, the few had long possessed!

278 That this his last arrangement might be fraught
With incidental good to them as well,
And that mankind's delight would help to swell
His own.

454 How his life-streams rolling arrived at last
At the barrier, whence, were it once overpast,
They would merge, a river to the end,—
Gathered themselves up, paused, bade fate befriend,
Took the leap, hung a minute at the height,
Then fell back to oblivion infinite:

501 For private wrong, let public good suffice!

560 Like a dwarf palm which wanton Arabs foil
Of bearing its own proper wine and oil,
By grafting into it the stranger-vine,
Which sucks its heart out, sly and serpentine,
Till forth one vine-palm feathers to the root,
And red drops moisten the insipid fruit.

616 . . . on the watch
For men, to read their hearts and thereby catch
Their capabilities and purposes,
Displayed himself so far as displayed these:
While our Sordello only cared to know
About men as a means whereby he'd show
Himself, and men had much or little worth
According as they kept in or drew forth
That self; the other's choicest instruments
Surmised him shallow.

682 As if his hate could bear to lie embalmed,
Bricked up, the moody Pharaoh, and survive
All intermediate crumblings, to arrive
At earth's catastrophe——

810 Beside
Another life's ordained me: the world's tide
Rolls, and what hope of parting from the press
Of waves, a single wave though weariness
Gently lifted aside, laid upon shore?
My life must be lived out in foam and roar,
No question.

849 Remark
Why schemes wherein cold-blooded men embark
Prosper, when your enthusiastic sort
Fail: while these last are ever stopping short—
(So much they should—so little they can do!)
The careless tribe see nothing to pursue
If they desist; meantime their scheme succeeds.

901 Assure me, good may lurk
Under the bad.

939 Two parties take the world up, and allow
No third, yet have one principle, subsist
By the same injustice; whoso shall enlist
With either, ranks with man's inveterate foes.

85 God has conceded two sights to a man—
One, of men's whole work, time's completed plan;
The other, of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness:

93 Why count as one
The first step, with the last step?

103 —that collective man
Outstrips the individual.

153 Is't so sure
God's church lives by a King's investiture?

220 Doubtless that grandest task God ever set
On man, left much to do.

230 If one step's awry, one bulge
Calls for correction by a step we thought
Got over long since, why, till that is wrought,
No progress!

233 And the scaffold in its turn
Becomes, its service o'er, a thing to spurn.

254 Out of a thousand helps, just one or two
Can be accomplished presently.

260 See if, for that, your other half will stop
A tear, begin a smile!

364 So fantasies could break and fritter youth
That he had long ago lost earnestness,
Lost will to work, lost power to even express
The need of working!

392 . . . fill the scope
O' the Church, thus based on All, by All, for All—
Change Secular to Evangelical—

414 Brave!
Whom vanity nigh slew, contempt shall save!

435 Since within his soul,
Perception brooded unexpressed and whole.

437 A healthy spirit like a healthy frame

Book Line

Craves aliment in plenty—all the same,
Changes, assimilates its aliment.

443 'Tis Knowledge, whither such perceptions tend;
They lose themselves in that, means to an end,
The many old producing some one new,
A last unlike the first.

779 The act conceived, adventured and complete,

548 Of two resolved friends in one danger blent,
Who hearten each the other against heart;

VI. 2 "Man shrinks to naught
If matched with symbols of immensity;
Must quail, forsooth, before a quiet sky
Or sea, too little for their quietude:"

29 Truth's self, like yonder slow moon to complete
Heaven, rose again, and, naked at his feet,
Lighted his old life's every shift and change,
Effort with counter effort.

94 Ah but the Best
Somehow eludes us ever, still might be
And is not!

101 Life's i' the tempest, thought
Clothes the keen hill-top, mid-day woods are fraught
With fervors:

118 Stronger vision could endure
The unbodied want.

127 . . . all service, therefore, rates
Alike, nor serving one part, immolates
The rest: but all in time!

159 Down sank the People's Then; uprose their Now.

179 Some insane rose that burnt heart out in sweets,
A spendthrift in the spring, no summer greets;

225 This were work, true, but work performed at cost
Of other work; aught gained here elsewhere lost.

511 . . . good things assigned
As heralds of a better thing behind.

532 Let essence, whatsoe'er it be, extend—
Never contract.

567 Thought is the soul of act.

575 . . . divest
Mind of e'en Thought, and, lo, God's unexpressed
Will draws above us!

580 What shall I unlock
By song?

605 . . . light, thwarted, breaks
A limpid purity to rainbow flakes,
Or shadow, massed, freezes to gloom.

617 Man's inmost life shall have yet freer play:
Once more I cast external things away.

627 Today
Takes in account the work of Yesterday.

635 . . . 't is but brother's speech
We need, speech where an accent's change gives each
The other's soul.

641 Ends
Accomplished turn to means.

729 (So like a nature made to serve, excel

Book Line

In serving, only feel by service well!)

739 On which ensued a strange
And solemn visitation; there came change
O'er every one of them; each looked on each:
Up in the midst a truth grew, without speech.

239 After all,
Is Evil a result less natural
Than Good?

312 . . . men's road
Is one, men's times of travel many; thwart
No enterprising soul's precocious start
Before the general march! If slow or fast
All straggle up to the same point at last,
Why grudge your having gained, a month ago,
The brakes at balm-shed, asphodels in blow,
While they were landlocked?

331 . . . quick squeeze
Vice like a biting spirit from the lees
Of life!

383 Oh, 't were too absurd to slight
For the hereafter the today's delight!

503 . . . A sphere is but a sphere;
Small, Great, are merely terms we bandy here;
Since to the spirit's absoluteness all
Are like.

V.

B. B. Conrad.

Motto for Class

I labor to extract the pith—Of this his problem.

I. A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,
The woods beneath lay black. A single eye
From all Verona cared for the soft sky.

The hill-cat boasts some cunning of her own,
Some stealthy trick to better beasts unknown
That quick with prey enough her hunger blunts
And feeds her fat while gaunt the lion hunts.

When some old monk
Found it intolerable to be sunk
(Vexed to the quick by his revolting cell)
Quite out of summer while alive and well.

Compress the starriest into one star,
And grasp the whole at once.

II. Born to be adored,
And suddenly discovered weak scare made
To cope with any, cast into the shade
By this and this.

To think now: hitherto
He had perceived.

The sorriest bat which cowers throughout noontide
While other birds are jocund, has one time
When moon and stars are blinded and the prime
Of earth is his to claim nor find a peer.

Only peculiar in a thriveless store
Of fancies, which were fancies and no more.

Strong—and to strength turning all energies—
Wise and restricted to becoming wise—
That is—he loves not, nor posses one
Idea that, star-like over, lures him on
To its exclusive purpose.

So dwell these noiseless girls, patient to see,
Like priestesses because of sin impure
Penanced forever, who resigned endure,
Having that once drunk sweetness to the dregs.

A soul fit to receive delight at every sense.

Till exceeding love—Becomes an aching weight.

Bury themselves the whole heart wide and warm
In something not themselves: they would belong
To what they worship.

This world of ours by tacit pact is pledged
To laying such a spangled fabric low
Whether by gradual brush or gallant blow.

The last drop all beauty dost express—
The grace of seeing grace, a quintessence
For thee: while for the world, that can dispense
Wonder—on men who, themselves, wonder-make
A shift to love at second-hand, and take
For idols those who do but idolize
Themselves.

III. Be mine mere consciousness! let men perceive
What I could do, a mastery believe,
Asserted and established to the throng
By their selected evidence of song
Which now shall prove, whate'er they are, or seek
To be—I am.

No overleaping means for ends—take both
For granted or take neither.

On!—Give yourself, excluding aught beside
To the day's task.

Thought may take perception's place
But hardly co-exists in any case,
Being it's mere presentiment.

Ay, he strewed a fairy dust upon that multitude,
Although he feigned to take them by themselves.

Would you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart! why, to be sure
Yours is one sort of heart—but I mean their's—
Our's, every one's—the healthy heart one cares
To build on! Central peace, mother of strength.

And is it true
Fire rankles at the heart of every globe?

Knew what poets were: in brief,
Had not the tetchy race prescriptive right
To peevishness, caprice, or call it spite,
One must receive their nature in its length
And breadth, expect the weakness with the strength.

Nature's strict embrace,
Putting aside the past, shall soon efface
Its print as well.

To need become all natures, yet retain
The law of my own nature—to remain
Myself, yet yearn.

Nor moon is it Apollo, now but me Thou visitest to comfort and befriend.
Swim thou into my heart, and there an end—
Since I possess thee!

He slept but was aware he slept.

No! youth once gone is gone:
Deed's let escape are never to be done.
Leaf-fall and grass-spring for the year: for us—
Oh! forfeit I unalterably thus
My chance? nor two lives wait me, this to spend
Learning save that? Nature has time—may mend
Mistake, she knows occasion will recur:
Landslip or seabreach, how affects it her
With her magnificent resources—
I—Must perish once and perish utterly.

The common sort, the crowd
Exist, perceive; with being are endowed
However slight, distinct from what they see,
However bounded: Happiness must be,
To feel the first by gleanings from the last
Attain its qualities, and slow or fast
Become what they behold.

The level wind carried above the firs
Clouds, the irrevocable travelers onward.

Exchanging quick low laughters: now would rush
Word upon word to meet a sudden flush,
A look left off, a shifting lips, surmise
But for the most part their two histories
Ran best thro' the locked fingers and linked arms.

How dared I let expand the force
Whithin me, till some out-soul, whose resource
It grew for, should direct it?

A soul whate'er its might
Is insufficient to its own delight.

As hinder Life the evil with the good
Which make up living right understood
Only do finish something.

IV. Meantime Ferrara lay in rueful case:
The lady-city, for whose sole embrace
Her pair of suitors struggled.

—each party too intent
For noticing, howe'er the battle went
The conqueror would but have a corpse to kiss.

Behoved him think of men, and take their wants,
Such as he now distinguished every side,
As his own want which might be satisfied,
And, after that, think of rare qualities
Of his own soul demanding exercise.

Angels with aureoles like golden quoits — Pitched home.

On the watch—For men, to read their hearts
—and thereby catch—Their capabilities and purposes.

—very fine
Subjecting things profane to things divine,—In talk.

I had to share my self—In fifty portions, like an o'er-tasked elf
That's forced illume in fifty points the vast
Rare vapor he's environed by.

—remark—Why schemes wherein cold blooded men embark
Prosper, when your enthusiastic sort—Fail:

As, shall I say some Ethiop, past pursuit
Of all enslavers—dips a shackled foot
Burnt to the blood into the drowsy black
Enormous watercourse, which guides him back
To his own tribe again, where he is king.

V. God has conceded two sights to a man—
One, of man's whole work, time's completed plan,
The other, of the minute's work—man's first
Step to the plan's completeness.

Collective man—Outstrips the individual.

Unfeeling thence, strong therefore: strength by stress
Of strength comes of that forehead confident.
Those widened eyes expecting heart's content.

'Who means to help must still support the load ?

But all is changed the moment you descry
Mankind as half yourself.

T'was day looped back night's pall.

Yet most Sordello's argument dropped flat
Through his accustomed fault of breaking yoke
Disjoining him who felt from him who spoke.

Good humored Salinguerra, famed for tact,
And tongue, who, careless of his phrase, nor
Lacked the right phrase.

'So fantasies could break and fritter youth
That he had long ago lost earnestness,
Lost will to work, lost power to even express
The need of working.

'Fill the scope of the Church—thus based on All, by All, for All.

A healthy spirit like a healthy frame
Craves aliment in plenty.

Thought is the soul of act!

And lo, God's unexpressed Will draws above us!
All then is to win save that.

Up in the midst a truth grew without speech.

VI. Man shrinks to nought
If matched with symbols of immensity
Must quail forsooth, before a quiet sky.

'Whereas for Mankind springs
Salvation by each hindrance interposed.

Why should sympathy command you quit
The course which makes your joy nor will remit
Their woe?

Man's road is one—men's times of travel many.

Thwart no enterprising soul's precocious start
Before the general march!

Oh! life,—breath,
Life blood,—ere sleep, come travail, life ere death!

Oh, t'were too absurd to slight
For the hereafter the today's delight!
Quench thirst at this, then seek next well-spring:
Wear—Home lilies ere strange lotus in my hair!

—contented for my part
To give life up in service—only grant—That I do serve.

I for one will praise the world, you style mere ante-room—To palace.

Given firmer arm and fleeter foot
I'll thank you: but to no mad wings transmute
These limb's of mine—our greensward was so soft.
I feel, am what I feel, know what I feel
So much is truth to me.

'Soul on matter being thrust,
Joy comes when so much Soul is wreaked in Time
On Matter,—let the Soul's attempt sublime
Matter beyond the scheme and so prevent
By more or less that deed's accomplishment,
And sorrow follows: Sorrow how avoid?

Let the employer match the thing employed,
Fit to the finite his infinity.
Of a Power above you still which utterly incomprehensible,
Is out of rivalry, which thus you can
Love, though unloving all conceived by man—What need.

Gray wizened dwarfish devil Ecelin
And massy-muscled big-boned Alberic.

As one content to merely be supposed
Singing or fighting elsewhere while he dozed—Really at home.

All he was anxious to appear but scarce
Solicitous to be—A sorry farce
Such life is, after all! Cannot I say
He lived for some one better thing?

'Any nose may ravage with impunity a rose.

A child barefoot and rosy . . .
Up and up goes he, singing all the while
Some unintelligible words to beat the
Lark, God's poet, swooning at his feet
So worsted is he at "the few fine locks
Stained like pale honey oozed from topmost rocks
Sunblanched the livelong summer"—all that's left of the Goito lay.

THINGS! THINGS! THINGS!

Things! Things! Things!
On the tables, on the floor,
Tucked away behind the door,
On the shelves and on the chairs,
Dangerously on the stairs,
Bureaus crammed and closets filled,
Boxes packed and boxes spilled,
Bundles everywhere you go,
Heaps and piles and overflow
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Things of value, worthless trash,
Things preserved or gone to smash,
Ancient things or things just bought,
Common things and things far-sought,
Things you mean to throw away,
Things you hope to use some day,
Cellar, attic, all between,
One exasperating scene
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Things that take our precious time,
Hold us from the life sublime,
Things that only gather dust,
Things that rot and things that rust,
Things that mould and things that freeze,
Things that harbor foul disease,
Things that mock us and defy
Till at last we grimly die
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Let me cease to be their fool!
Let me fly their crafty rule!
Let me with unsparing knife
Cut their canker from my life!
Broad and clear and all serene,
Let me make my mansion clean,
Now and evermore to be
Calm, unfretted, grandly free
From things, things, things!

The Universalist Leader. —*Amos R. Wells.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

NEW PROFESSORS AT UNION SEMINARY

Union Theological Seminary in New York has recently announced the appointment of three new professors. Significant of the interdenominationalism of the institution which they have been called upon to serve, these men, Daniel J. Fleming, Eugene W. Lyman and Harry F. Ward, belong to three religious denominations. Professor Fleming is a Presbyterian, Professor Lyman a Congregationalist and Professor Ward a Methodist.

Dr. Fleming has served Union Seminary since 1915 as Associate Professor of the Department of Foreign Service. Now he has been appointed professor and head of the department. Previous to coming to Union, he was a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in India, for several years vice-principal of the Forman Christian College at Lahore. Dr. Lyman has been elected professor of a new Chair of the Philosophy of Religion. He has previously served as professor in Carleton College and Bangor and Oberlin Theological Seminaries. Professor Ward goes to Union from the Boston University School of Theology, where he has been Professor of Social Service. He organized and is now Secretary of the Social Service Commission of the Methodist Church and is also Associate Secretary of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Dr. Ward has been appointed to the Chair of Christian Ethics. The first two of these new appointments are by way of helping to carry out a plan for developing the Department of Foreign Service.

From The Congregationalist for August 1, 1918.

DR. AKED IN WASHINGTON

The writer has had the rare privilege during June of hearing every Sunday evening the sermons delivered in the First Congregational Church by the Rev. Dr. C. F. Aked, formerly of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York and more recently of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. For that month Dr. Aked was supplying the pulpit of this Washington Church in the absence of its pastor, and the congregations taxed the capacity of the very large old-fashioned auditorium. It would be a rare treat to hear Dr. Aked on any theme. But it was a delight to all Universalists to hear him deal with the old orthodoxy. Never has the writer heard our faith preached in more certain and ecstatic manner, and no one even in our old controversial era could have more bitterly denounced the doctrine of endless conscious punishment. In the opinion of Dr. Aked that is the "foulest, most dreadful, most blasphemous lie" ever held about God or man. In his view "a lost soul is only one that has not been found yet." He advises his hearers to treat any evangelist that teaches the old theology, with all its distortions of the truth about God and man, with laughter and derision. He comforted all who had lost loved ones, by the most literal and universal application of the doctrine of God's love as set forth particularly in the last sentence of the eighth chapter of St. Paul's Letter to the Romans. It was wonderful and refreshing. And the fact that the immense throng of his hearers frequently applauded wildly means that there are hundreds who love Universalism who do not know what Universalism is. The writer is wondering why on earth one or two of our own leading parishes do not call this great liberal preacher to their pulpits. It certainly seems as though Dr. Aked is broad enough in his feeling about denominational affiliation.

—*William Couden.*

From the Universalist Leader for July 27.

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